

*The most lamentable Tragedie*

VWhen for his hand he had his two sonnes heads,  
Beheld his teares, and laught so hartily,  
That both mine eyes were rainie like to his:  
And when I told the Empresse of thys sport,  
Shee sounded almost at my pleasing tale,  
And for my tydings gaue me twenty kisses.

*Goth.*

VWhat canst thou say all this, and neuer blush.

*Aron.*

I like a blacke dogge as the saying is.

*Lucius.*

Art thou not sorry for these hainous deedes.

*Aron.*

I that I had not doone a thousand more,  
Euen now I curse the day, and yet I thinke  
Few come within the compasse of my curse,  
Wherein I did not some notorious ill,  
As kill a man, or else deuise his death,  
Rauish a mayde, or plot the way to doe it,  
Accuse some innocent, and forswear my selfe,  
Set deadly enmitie betweene two friends,  
Make poore mens cattle breake theyr necks,  
Set fire on Barnes and haystackes in the night,  
And bid the owners quench them with their teares:  
Ofte haue I digd vp dead men from theyr graues,  
And set them vpight at their deere friends doore,  
Euen when their sorrowes almost was forgot,  
And on theyr skinnies, as on the barke of trees,  
Haue with my knife carued in Romaine letters,

Let

*of Titus Andronicus.*

Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.  
Tut, I haue done a thousand dreadfull thinges  
As willingly as one would kill a flie,  
And nothing greeues me hartily indeede,  
But that I cannot doe tenne thousand more.

*Lucius.* Bring downe the deuill, for he must not die  
So sweet a death as hanging presently.

*Aron.* If there be deuils, would I were a deuill,  
To liue and burne in euerlasting fire,  
So I might haue your company in hell  
But to torment you with my bitter tongue.

*Lucius.* Sirs stop his mouth, and let him speake no more.

*Enter Emillius.*

*Goth.* My Lord there is a messenger from Rome  
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

*Lucius.* Let him come neere.

VWelcome *Emillius*, what's the newes from Rome?

*Emil.* Lord *Lucius*, and you Princes of the Gothes,  
The Romaine Emperour greets you all by mee,  
And for he vnderstands you are in Armes,  
He craues a parley at your Fathers house  
Willing you to demaund your hostages,  
And they shall be immediatly deliuered.

*Goth.* What sayes our Generall?

*Lucius.* *Emillius*, let the Emperour giue his pledges  
Vnto my Father, and my Vncle *Marcus*,  
And we will come, march away.

*Enter Tamora, and her two sonnes disguised.*

*Tamora.* Thus in this strange and sad habillament,  
I will encounter with *Andronicus*.

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